

# The Potions Master's Revenge

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Severus has had it with a co-worker. He decides to do something about it.

## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape smirked to himself. His life had become unruly, and he was going to do something about it. Sybill Trelawney had become the biggest thorn in his side. It was time to remove that thorn.

*Severus, you're so funny* she would drawl.

Her hand would touch his shoulder in a seductive way during dinner.

*Severus, I long to be near you!*

Severus rolled his eyes. He tried to stay away from the Seer, but to no avail. It was as if she sought him out. She even was seen skulking around the dungeons at odd hours of the night. He'd certainly had enough of her advances. He now had the answer in his pocket.

Reaching into that pocket, he stroked the small vial that sat there. It was filled with a potion of his own creation. The effects would not only make Severus Snape the farthest thing from Sybill Trelawney's mind but also give her a taste of her own medicine.

He watched her out of the corner of his eye. As soon as she turned to speak with Minerva, he quickly removed the vial and placed three drops into her goblet of pumpkin juice. His hand shot back, and he put a nonchalant look onto his face as Sybill turned and smiled seductively at him. Bile rose in his mouth as he took in her grin. She looked as if she were about to eat him alive.

He quickly looked to his plate. His peripheral vision stayed on the batty witch. He held his breath as she lifted the goblet to her mouth and drank the contents down in a large gulp. Severus grinned evilly to himself. The show would begin shortly.

Severus lifted a forkful of mashed potatoes into his mouth. Suddenly, Sybill gripped the table next to him.

*Ah, here it comes*, he thought.

oooOOooo

Sybill gripped the table as a vision came to her mind.

*Hagrid towered above her. He smiled down at her and grasped her small hand in his. Opening his mouth, the most horrible words came out of it.*

*"Sybill, ye mean the world to me."*

*Sybill gasped. Her hand clenched the table harder as another short vision came into view.*

*Hagrid scooped her up in his large hands and pulled her up to his face. He kissed her sloppily. His lips covered her entire nose, mouth, and chin.*

"Oh, Merlin!" Sybill cried.

"Is something wrong, Sybill?" Severus asked as his eyebrow arched up.

"Oh... Severus, I've just had the most horrible vision."

"Do tell, Madam."

Sybill grimaced. "I don't think I should." She cleared her throat. "It was very personal."

"Ah," Severus said and turned back to his meal.

Just then another vision crossed before her eyes. She could do nothing but gape in horror as it unfolded before her.

*Dumbledore stood between Hagrid and herself. Sybill was dressed in a beautiful white dress. A wedding dress! Hagrid stood across from her and held her hand. He gave her the sappiest look she could ever fathom. To her amazement, she grinned back, seemingly just as smitten as Hagrid.*

Sybill's hand came to her chest. She breathed heavily, almost gasping for breath. That *couldn't* be her future. It just couldn't!

She hazarded a glance over at the half-giant. He happened to glance her way at the same time. Raising his goblet, he toasted her. Sybill nearly ran for the door. No! This couldn't be! No, no, no!

She glanced at Severus. He was the one she wanted. Another vision flashed before her.

*Severus Snape embraced a dark haired witch. Their wedding rings glittered as he pulled her to him and kissed her passionately.*

Sybill's heart fell. Her quest of Severus Snape had been in vain. He would love another. She looked down into her plate, but her thoughts were interrupted by a gruff throat clearing behind her. She looked up to find Hagrid standing there.

"Are ye all right, Professor Trelawney? You look a tad pale," Hagrid asked with concern.

Still another vision popped into her head.

*Hagrid carried his new bride over the threshold of his hut. Fang began to bark loudly.*

"Shush, Fang!" Hagrid admonished. "I've got some serious business with my bride."

*He strolled through the front room and into the back of the hut. He entered his bedroom and kicked the door shut behind him. He smiled seductively and wiggled his eyebrows at her. Gently placing her on the bed, he laid down next to her, being sure he didn't crush her with his massive frame. He began to unbutton his shirt.*

Sybill screamed as she looked at Hagrid. She shot out of her chair and beat the large man on his chest as high as she could. She continued to scream as she ran around him and streaked to the door. Her screams could be heard as she continued away from the Great Hall. Her speedy exit left a puzzled Hagrid and a smirking Snape in her wake.

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*This was in answer to the prompt: Snape plays a practical joke on who and what did he do?*

*Thanks to my daughter, Maggie, for helping me brainstorm this one. She's eleven years old and wants to be a writer when she's older.*